Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth.*
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a litle varation.

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon.*
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As *I* take it.

Flew. *I* thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth.* Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You

You shall finde our King is come a
God knowes, and you know, that
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrat
And indignations, was kill his frien
Gower. *I* but our King is not lik
For he neuer kill'd any of his friend
Flew. Looke you, tis not well do
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an
I speake in the comparisons, as *Al*
His friend *Clitus*: so our King be
Wits and iudgements, is turne awa
With the great belly doublet: I an
Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn
I can tell you, theres good men bo

Enter King and the Lo

King. I was not angry since *I* ca
Vntill this houre.
Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsmen on yo
If they will fight with vs bid them
Or leaue the field, they do offend
Will they do neither, we will com
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old A
Besides, weele cut the throats of t
And not one aliue shall taste our

Enter the Herauld

Gods will what meanes this? know
That we haue fined these bones o
Herald. I come great king for c
To sort our Nobles from our com
We may haue leaue to bury all ou
Which in the field lye spoyled and
Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)